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A

WOMAN's REVENGE:

OR, A

Match in *Newgate.*

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

NEW THEATRE

IN

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

By Mr. BULLOCK.

LONDON:
Printed for W. FRALES, and the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster.*

M.DCC.XXXV.

(Price Six-pence.)

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149,798
May, 1873,

Thomas Pennant Barto

TO

My Merry FRIEND,

AND

Brother COMEDIAN

Mr. JAMES SPILLER.

Dear JEMMY,

MY Choice of you for a Patron, will acquit me of thoſe deteſtable Characters which moſt of our modern Authors are obnoxious to, from their fulſome

Dedications; I mean a Mercenary, and a Flatterer. My prefixing your Name to these Sheets will clear me of the Former, and there is no Fear of incurring the Scandal of the Latter, since the greatest Encomiums which my humble Pen could draw out, come far short of your just Praise. I could expatiate on your many excellent Virtues, your Chastity, your Temperance, your Generosity, your exemplary Piety, and your judicious and fashionable Management in your Conjugal Affairs: But since I am so well acquainted with your Aversion to Reading, I shall content myself with acknowledging

ing the many Obligations I have to you, particularly for your good Performance in this Farce, especially in your last Part; I mean that of *Padwell*; in which you was a shining Ornament to the Scene of *Newgate*: And you must not think I flatter you, when I tell you, you have a natural Impudence proper to the Character, and became your Fetters as well as any, who ever wore them. And I am sorry I could not without giving Offence to the Criticks, and deviating too far from the Rules of Comedy, bring you to *Tyburn*, for the better Diversion of the Audience; but I hope

you

you are satisfy'd with my good Wishes, and will give me leave to subscribe myself,

Your Obliged

Humble Servant,

Christopher Bullock.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Theobald*,

AND

Spoken by Mr. *Keen*.

IN vain have Prologues, in keen Satyr writ,
Pretended to reform the ſtubborn Pit;
In vain have Others, penn'd in humbler Strain,
With artful Flatt'ry ſought your Smiles to gain:
Too late we find, no laſhing Cenſure awes;
Nor ſervile Crouchings can command Applauſe;
What then remains for Poet, or Play'r, to do,
When 'tis in vain to Threaten, or to Sue?
Grant, our Deſert no Dues of Praiſe demands,
Or on its arrogant Pretenſions ſtands; (Hands.
Th' Attempt to pleaſe ſhould find ſome Favour at your
Perhaps, with Eaſe, we might one Method uſe;
But what we think Unjuſt, we muſt refuſe.
Faction too long has ſtrove t'engroſs the Stage,
And make it chime with a Degen'rate Age.
The Ancient Bards, whoſe Heads the Bays did crown,
E're Modern Names or Principles were known,
Mourn that their honeſt-meaning Lines ſhould raiſe
A Clap from Party, not from real Praiſe.

In

PROLOGUE.

In Kindneſs your forc'd Applications ſpare,
Nor wreſt them to Conceits, they cannot bear.
Th' injurious Cuſtom does each Bard diſgrace,
Gives him a Mask, and hides his genuine Face.
At this rate, might our youthful Author fear,
His guiltleſs Praiſe ſhould ſtrain'd Conſtructions wear;
Becauſe the Farce, which he preſents to Night,
He did upon an old Foundation write;
But his ſole Aim, is to divert your Spleens
With Follies of low Life, and ſportive Scenes:
Where, if there's Humour, you'll forgive him Senſe;
And, 'ſtead of labour'd Lines, with homely Mirth diſ-
(ſpenſe.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mother *Griffin*, the Bawd.

AS oft you've known, when Tragic Scenes were ended,
Some beauteous Nymph has from the Grave ascended,
With Epilogue of Smut to recompence
The want of Passion, Humour, Wit and Sense;
So I, from Newgate Cloysters *just set free,*
Am sent our Bays's *Advocate to be.*
But, let me die --- I've been so scar'd of late,
With Apprehensions of a hanging Fate;
That I'm in better Cue to entertain,
In Tragic Airs, the solemn Paul Lorain,
Than greet an Audience in a merry Strain.
Then Business is so dull, as Heav'n shall hear me,
I've not one Ounce of Comfort left to cheer me;
That damn'd Hide-Park *has half undone our Trade,*
And robb'd our House of many a vig'rous Blade.
Curse on't! all now that comes to pay my Rent is,
From scribling Lawyer's Clerks, and City 'Prentice;
The swagg'ring Youths, Shop shut, and Office done,
Will now and then come down a merry Crown.
But where's the Purchase of such sniv'ling Ninnies?
Give me the full-pay Culls, that bring their Guineas:
Then we can treat, (what need I care who know it?)
Some strong-back'd Pastor, or some favourite Poet.
But now I talk of Poets, pray you spare
Our this Nights Stripling, and his Virgin Ware;
And to requite the Favour, you shall find
Choice Girls with me --- and Mother Griffin *kind.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. *Thinkwell*, Father to *Celia* and Uncle to *Miranda*.	Mr. *Bullock*, ſen.
Freeman, in Love with *Celia*,	Mr. *Husbands*.
Bevil, in Love with *Corinna*,	Mr. *Thurmond*.
Mixum, a Vintner,	Mr. *Pack*.
Vizard, a notorious Cheat,	Mr. *C. Bullock*.
Tim, Servant to *Bevil*,	Mr. *Spiller*.
Solomon, a Barber's Boy,	
Padwell,	Mr. *Spiller*.
Harry,	Mr. *Wood*.
Jack,	Mr. *Rogers*.
Tom,	Mr. *Ogden*.
A *Fidler*, — Felons under Condemnation,	Mr. *H. Bullock*.

WOMEN.

Celia, in Love with *Freeman*,	Mrs. *Vincent*.
Miranda, in Love with *Bevil*,	Mrs. *Spiller*.
Corinna a Jilt, and formerly Miſtreſs to *Freeman*,	Mrs. *Thurmond*.
Mother *Griffin*, an old Bawd,	Mrs. *Griffin*.
Mrs. *Mixum*.	Mrs. *Hunt*.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden*.

A Woman's Revenge: OR, A *Match* in *Newgate.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Freeman, *and* Mixum *the Vintner.*

FREEMAN.

HOW now, *Robin Mixum!* What makes thee in this Confusion? What's the Matter?

Mixum. O, Sir, the most villainous Piece of Roguery, — not of my own, Sir, — but that Rogue of all Rogues, *Vizard*'s committing: I'll tell you, Sir, how it was; that Villain, *Vizard*, who has more Tricks than a Jesuit, and wou'd make an Ass of the Devil, came to my House one Night, and with a Woman, whom he told me he had married, and that she was a great Fortune; upon which I grew extremely civil: He order'd the Cloth to be laid; which was done while you cou'd whistle, and bespoke a Supper, which was upon the Table in a Trice: He gave me a Bill of twenty Pounds, and desired the Money of me; the Goldsmith living too far to send to at that Time, I willingly gave him the Money,

Money, took his Bill, and withdrew: Then enters a blind Harper, and cries, Do you lack any Muſick? He cries, play; the Harper uncaſes, the Drawer is nodded out, who obeys, believing he wou'd be private with the Gentlewoman; and 'tis *Sam*'s Part, you know, Sir, to wink at ſuch Things.

Free. Right, and civil.

Mix. Well, Sir, having eat the Supper, and perceiving none in the Room but the blind Harper, whoſe Eyes Heaven had ſhut from beholding Wickedneſs, opens the Caſement to the Street very patiently packs up my Plate, naturally thruſts the Woman out of the Window, and himſelf, with the moſt acute Dexterity leaps after her: The blind Harper plays on, bids the empty Diſhes much good may do them, and plays on ſtill; the Drawer returns cries, D'ye call, Sir? But out, alas, the Birds were flown, Sir flown; Laments were rais'd. ——

Free. Which did not pierce the Heavens.

Mix. Sam cries out; my Wife, in the Bar, hears the Noiſe ſhe bawls out: I heard her, and thundred; the Boys flew like Lightning, and all was in Confuſion; my Plate being gone, and the Thief after it, I bethought me of my Bill, ran with all Speed to the Goldſmith's to receive my Money; —— but out alas, the Bill prov'd forg'd: I was ſeiz'd, *Vizard* run away, my Wife wou'd not be taken, I was found guilty of Forgery, loſt my Reputation, and in the Pillory for being cheated.

Free. Was it impoſſible to find him?

Mix. Sir, he walks inviſible; you might as ſoon find Truth in a Gameſter, Sincerity in a Lawyer, or Honour in a Poet; he changes his Dreſs and his Lodgings, as often as a Whore does her Name and her Lover: I'll e'en go home, and comfort myſelf and my Wife; and for that Rogue *Vizard*, I hope I ſhall live to ſee him hang'd in Hemp of his own beating. [*Exit.*

Free. This is a moſt exemplary Piece of Juſtice: This Villainer I know to be a Knave, one that has Cunning enough to cheat all that put Faith in him, and Wit enough to avoid the Puniſhment of his own Crimes, but by the Malignity of Fortune, never ſuffering for other Men's Roguery: Ha, here comes the ambo-dexterous Knave: So, Mr *Vizard*, [*Enter* Vizard.] you are in great Haſte, upon a hot Scent, I find, in Queſt of your Prey; What Darling of Fortune are you going to run down?

Viz. Fie, Mr. *Freeman*, you ſhou'd not judge ſo hard of poor Man.

Fr

Free. The Accusation of *Robin Mixum* the Vintner, concerning the forg'd Bill, will give your Acquaintance a just Cause to disturst your Morals.

Viz. Sir, there is not a greater Rogue in the whole Company of Vintners.

Free. The World, I believe, is pretty well appriſed of his Honesty; but his being a Knave, is no Proof of your Innocence; you shou'd have appear'd in Court, and disprov'd his scandalous Accusation.

Viz. Villainy, Sir, is ever most fertile in Invention, while Innocence often suffers, and by Surprise is made uncapable of Defence: The Rogue knew very well I did not dare to confront him in Court, by reason he had a swinging Action out against me; so he took the Advantage of my Misfortune, to vindicate his Reputation, by the Aspersion of mine: The Villain deprives me of my Livelihood, by unjustly possessing an Estate of two hundred Pounds *per Annum*, that my Father mortgag'd to him for a thousand Pounds, which he spent again, in his House, and had nothing for it but bad Wine and gross Flattery, and now he wou'd rob me of my good Character.

Free. Which you have been a Stranger to these twelve Months. — Come, come, your scandalous Practices, your Cheats and Tricks are pretty well known; consider, you have but few Friends, little Reputation, and less Money; and if you shou'd be taken hold on by the Law, and convicted, you'd hardly escape its Punishment.

Viz. That's owing to the Corruption of the Age: For as you seem to intimate, few Men, indeed, suffer for Dishonesty, but for Poverty, many: The greatest Part of Mankind being Rogues within, or without the Law, so that little Thieves are hang'd for the Security of great ones. Take my Word Sir, there are greater Rogues ride in their own Coaches, than any that walk on Foot; a poor Fellow shall be hang'd for Stealing to support Life, while many solemn Villains, with supercillious Faces, and brush'd Beavers, that plunder whole Families, are complimented with the Title of Right Worshipful.

Free. I wonder that a Man of your Understanding, and one that has run thro' so good a Fortune, can be contented with a Livelihood, got by such scandalous Practices; 'tis a Dis-

grace both to your Birth and Education: Have you no Friend that ———

Viz. When I had Money, I had many Poſſeſſors; but Neceſſity is the Touchſtone of Friends. I have learn'd, Sir, at a ſevere Expence, that Freindſhip is but a Shadow that attends the Sunſhine of our Proſperity, that once o're clouded, with adverſe Fortune, the other ſtrait becomes inviſible

Free. I am too well aſſur'd of your Misfortune in that Reſpect, but endeavour to maintain a good Reputation, and you ſtand fair for Preferment; you are very well qualify'd for a Place, and have Merit enough to countenance your Pretenſions.

Viz. Sir, with ſubmiſſion, I find you have ſtudied Books more than Men, you know what ſhou'd give a Man a Pretenſion to prefer himſelf, but are ignorant in what does, alas, Sir, the antient Theory of Virtue is quite revers'd, and he that has the moſt Money is now the worthieſt Man: Every Thing is to be ſold; both ends of the Town are become Markets, and Conſciences riſe, and fall, at *Weſtminſter*, as Stocks do in *Exchange-Alley*.

Free. You are very Satyrical, but I have made an Obſervation, that the greateſt Knaves are the moſt ſevere Judges; they view all Mankind in the falſe mirror of their own Actions; and when they can't defend their Villains, think to extrenuate them by pleading the Example of their Betters.

Viz. You miſtake me, Sir, I am of a contrary Opinion, for if Example cou'd juſtify Actions, there cou'd be no Thieves; Poſſeſſion wou'd then be the only Right; Children might turn their Fathers out of Doors, Subjects call their Sovereigns to Account, Uſurpers plead a Right Divine, and the greateſt Villainies wou'd become lawful; I cou'd ſay more, Sir, but great Men's Vices muſt be ſacred ---- where *Scandalum Magnatum* is puniſh'd with ſuch Severity, and Money is an Argument to prove Black White, poor Men dare not ſpeak the Truth of their Betters: In this Age there are more Funeral-Sermons, than Satyrs.

Free. I can't ſay but in ſome Meaſure your Obſervation is juſt, few Men having the Senſe to bear honeſt Satyre as they ought.

Viz. Sir, give me to leave to recommend this ſmall Treatiſe to your Peruſal, 'tis call'd, *Beware of a Knave*; 'tis a true

De-

Description of Mankind, written originally in *Spanish*, by an excellent Master, in the thriving Art of *Chicane*.

(*Gives him a Book.*

Free. What shou'd I do with it? Thank'st thou I am so base to study such vile Arts, or so indigent to practice 'em.

Viz. I mean no Reflection on your Honour of Fortune; but in these couzening Times, 'tis more necessary to study other Men, than ourselves; and 'tis proper to know false Dice, tho' a Man scorns to make use of them: Ay, Sir, there's many a Man, perhaps that you think honester than myself, wou'd, if Opportunity serv'd, look in your Face, and pick your Pocket. ---- Time and Experience will confirm you in Truth of what I say: [*Picks his Pocket.*] The Age is quite alter'd, Interest is now the Standard of most Men's Actions, and every Thing accounted Vertuous that promotes it; a Man's Prosperity is now the only Mark of his Wisdom and Honesty, while ill Fortune and poor Cloaths, make a Man suspected for a Fool, or a Rogue: Besides, Sir, for a Man to aim at Preferment, with nothing but a good Reputation, wou'd be as fruitless as to sue for an Estate in *Forma Pauperis*: Merit, Sir, gives a Man no Title to Advancement; Preferment, Sir, like a Common-Whore, was ever courted with Presents.

Free. I wish it were otherwise, ----- however, the worst of Times can't make an Impression on true Vertue, for that's a Rock, that stands immoveable in the most violent Storms of Fortune: ---- There's somewhat for you, and all I have about me Faith, at present: Be honest, and I shall be proud to serve you. [*Exit.*

Viz. A civil Fellow Faith; I pickt his Pocket, and he generously rewarded my Ingenuity: ---- Be honest, ha, ha, ha, I thank you, Sir, I love no such starving Vertue: I shou'd be proud to serve you! No I despise a Life dependant on others Courtesy: There are Fools enough in the World for witty Men to strike their Fortunes out of, and he only deserves to live, that has an Art, to extract Gold out of Lead. [*Exit.*

Scene changes. *Enter* Tom.

Tom. The Devil take this Woman, I say, for thus transforming my Master: For a Man of Sense to fall in love with

a Proſtitute; one that he knows is common too, is ſuch a Madneſs! If he thought ſhe were vertuous it were ſome Excuſe for his Folly: Sure never Man was ſo alter'd; he has not been in Bed all Night, but lies where I left him eight Hours ſince ſtretch'd out upon a Couch, but the Devil a wink that he ſleeps -- nor is he awake, but lies like a Man in a Trance, between both: If I go into him, he falls a Swearing, if I go from him, he falls a Singing; for my Part I can't tell whether he is in Pain, or Pleaſure --- od-ſo, he's mov'd at laſt.

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Why are Proſtitutes held ſuch odious Things? *Corinna*'s beautiful as the moſt Chaſte: Can Cuſtom ſpoil what Nature made ſo good? If ſo, the Beaſts, and Birds, are happier far than Man, in whom an in-born Heat is held no Sin; Cuſtom makes them not bluſh, nor Shame reſtrains, or curbs their generous Paſſions: How vaſtly then do they tranſcend poor wretched Man, whom National Cuſtom, the Tyranous Reſpect of ſlaviſh Order, fetters; calling that Sin in us, which in all elſe is higheſt Vertue.

Tom. 'Tis a ſtrange Thing, that a Man ſhou'd be blind with his Eyes wide open, —— Sir, pray hear me a little, and don't let your Paſſion over-come your Reaſon; 'tis want of Philoſophy makes Men fall in Love, but ſure nothing leſs than want of common Senſe cou'd ſuffer a Man to grow paſſionately fond of a Whore, as you, Sir, know *Corinna* is; that ſhe has been kept by your intimate Friend, Mr. *Freeman*, and now left and deſpis'd by him.

Bev. Impudent Scoundrel, dare you offer your Advice?

Tom. Sir, I am your poor Servant, and you may call my Love what you pleaſe; but I muſt be your Friend, and will be your Friend; I can't be dumb, and ſuffer you to run headlong into your own Ruin, (for nothing is more certain, if you indulge this dangerous Paſſion, for ſuch a vile Woman) read your Hiſtories, ſtudy your Philoſophers, examine your Poets, you ſhall ſee how full their Writings are of the wicked Examples of Lewd-Women: Conſult with *Seneca*, hearken to *Ariſtotle*, they'll inform you of their Tricks, their Baſeneſs, their Wantonneſs, their Tears, their Treachery, their Ingratitude, their Impudence, their Inconſtancy, their Swearing,

ing, and Forſwearing, their Turnings and Windings, and all their Deceits: Oh, Sir, Women are the moſt giddy uncertain Motions under Heaven, and he is the happieſt that has the leaſt to do with 'em.

Bev. How cam'ſt thou by all this Philoſophy?

Tom. Sir, all is not white that differs from black, nor is all Gold that glitters; I ſay have a care of this Woman, and indeed of all Women; they do Things too hard for any Man to underſtand; they'll give you Cauſe to love 'em To-day, and Reaſon to hate 'em To-morrow; they'll like this Minute, and hate you the next; they'll pleaſe you in private, and torment you in publick: They'll draw you ſecretly in at their Windows, and rail at you openly in the Streets; they are quickly won, and quickly loſt; ſoon pleas'd, and as ſoon diſpleas'd; they'll invite you to 'em, and bid you begone; call you, and yet exclude you; they'll give you Roaſt-meat, and beat you with the Spit.

Bev. I know not, by what ſtrange fate I am hurried, but I muſt enjoy her, let whatever Inconveniences attend it.

[*Exit.*

Tom. What ſquint-ey'd Star is it, that has rob'd my Maſter of his Wits? O *Cupid* how unſearchable are thy Miſteries? Now may my Curſe go with her; may ſhe live to grow blind with Deſire, ſenſeleſs with Uſe, deſpis'd after, flatter'd before, hated always, truſted never, abhorr'd ever, —and Laſtly, may ſhe live to wear a *foul Smock* ſeven Weeks together, Heaven I beſeech thee.

Scene Changes. *Enter Mother* Griffin, *and* Corinna.

M. Griff. Nay, good, ſweet, honey Daughter, do not indulge my Paſſion thus: You hear *Freeman* is to be married, true; he has abus'd you, right; he has caſt you off, ay, he will leave you to the World, what then? Tho' Blew, and White, Black and Green leave you, may not Red, and Yellow entertain you? Is there but one Colour in the Rainbow?

Cor. Ceaſe your ſentencious Nonſenſe, let me go looſe as the Winds, when Mad, when raging Mad; 'twas you, that firſt ſeduc'd me; ſwore that he lov'd me, ſhou'd eternally, and when my Vertue had reſolv'd me good, you beſieg'd it

round with Tales of *Freeman*, repeated all his Charms so often o're, my Heart began to yield, and Vertue fade like Flowers with too much Heat, which when you saw, told him my Strength, and how he best might Conquer; and he, oh, lovely Tyrant! found it true, and never ceas'd 'till he had vanquish'd all: Leave me thou Witch, that hast brought my Soul and Body all to nothing:

M. Griff. How can you have the Conscience to belye my Industry thus? To nothing! I'll be sworn I have brought you to all the Things I could, I have made as much of you, as a Woman of any Conscience cou'd do, I help'd yo to no ill Chapman, Mistress, none of your swaggering Subs, that Sin *gratis*, that compound with Glass-Windows for Venery, and bully a Woman into Compliance; or Lawyers Clarks, your pitiful Half-Crown Sinners; but worthy Citizens, such as were able to pay well for their Pastime.

Cor. I'll be Reveng'd, nothing but dire Revenge shall satiate my Rage; methinks I am inspir'd with manly Strength, a bloody Courage swells my rising Heart, and I shall act some wond'rous Mischief: And yet see him Bleed, he that has sworn so many tender Things, and breath'd 'em all on kisses on my Bosom; but now all those, and Thousands new invented, he pays another Mistress, — I die, and cannot bear that Thought: Why did'st thou? Tell me, why did'st thou praise this Monster?

M. Griff. I did praise him, I confess I did praise him; I said he was a Fool, an Unthirft, a true Whore-master, a constant Drab-keeper; but what, the Wind is turn'd, the Fellow is grown wiser on a suddain: But what, will not his Friend *Bevil* go down with you, he is a wealthy Fellow, is a most out of his Wits, for Love of thee, his Purse will never be shut to thee; then he's fine Gentleman, and I'll be sworn a strong one, or I have lost my Skill; he has a Leg like a Post, a Brow like a Bull, and a Nose of most fair Expectation?

Cor. I hate *Bevil* for his Friends-sake, and cou'd I murder all that know him, my Revenge wou'd do it: I cannot live without that perjur'd *Freeman*, nor shall he live long to boast his Infidelity: I'll have his Throat cut before I sleep, if possible: Oh, I cou'd curse the happy *Celia*, whole Charms have robb'd me of his Heart,

Enter

Enter Bevil.

Bev. What clouded in Grief my fair *Corinna*? In such a Sorrow, sat the Queen of Love when in the Woods she mourn'd her young *Adonis*'s Death, and from her Chrystal-droping-Eyes, did pay a Lovers Obsequy: Light of my Soul, my Heart refined part, why dost thou weep, why like distilling Roses waste dissolving thus thy Beauties to a Dew?

Cor. Oh, 'tis not in the Power of Eloquence to ease my tortur'd Heart! talk not of Love, it is the most hateful to me; I can no more give Credit to your deluding Sex, whose Pride is to deceive.

Bev. Condemn not all our Sex, for the Inconstancy of one: Indeed I cannot play the Dissembler, and court thy Beauties like one whose Love hangs on his loose Tongue:

Cor. Just so he talk'd, and I fond Fool, believ'd, and tir'd him out with Love: But you are all false, inconstant, faithless Tyrants, and betrayers even in that very Minute that you gain us.

Bev. Come, come, you must Consent; this Body sure was form'd for Love's sweet Exercise: --- Oh! how she fires my Soul! [*Embracing her.*

M. Griff. Ah, ah, ah, cunning Gipsy, how she works him up by Degrees; well, if I had bred her from my own Body, she cou'd not have been more like me; she has her Trade to a hair I faith: --- Now have those little impudent black Eyes of her's, star'd him out of his Understanding: --- Well, 'tis a strange Thing, but 'tis a true Thing, that Men of the best Understanding are the easiest impos'd on by our Sex; and Beauty, Wit, or good Humour, are of no force against Ignorance, from which I d aw this Paradox, that Fools are wise Men, in the Affairs of Women: --- See, see, how prittily she manages him, her Eyes bid him come on, and her Hands keep him off; the best Way in the World to shut up his Understanding, and open his Purse.

Cor. This Man, whom I abhor, through all my Rage, I see has Passion for me; raise it ye Powers, till it become so high, to be employ'd a fatal Instrument in my Revenge --- [*Aside.*] Nay, pray Sir, leave the neglected

Bev. Can such a Beauty be neglected? Oh! happy, happy *Freeman*, who uncontroll'd may range o're such a Field

of Love, ſuck from thy balmy Lips Ambroſian Sweets, and ſtifle in the fragrancy of Charms.

M. Griff. Ay, there was a Rapture for you; that's twenty Guineas more in our Way, if ſhe is Rhetorick Proof, and don't conſent too ſoon; but theſe ſame ſugar Words, a pize on 'em, have a ſtrange Effect upon Youth, and are too apt to open a Woman's Inclinations, if ſhe be not well-grounded in her Vocation.

Cor. Oh, my poor forſaken Heart!

Mr. Griff. Ay, marry, that Sigh was artfully flung in; that moves Pity, and Pity is the Bellows of Love, which blows, and blows the Fire up by Degrees; ſee, if ſhe not made it Flame out of his Eyes already?

Bev. Reaſon's Efforts are vain, I am my Paſſion's Slave, and cannot quit this ſcornful Woman: Alas, *Corinna*, why doſt thou waſte thoſe precious Drops in Memory of a falſe ungrateful Man? Sorrow will fade the roſy Tincture in thy Cheeks, and blaſt thy ſpringing Beauties: He ſaw thee not who left thee, ſuch Charms could not be ſeen, and ſlighted; up-lift thy Eyes, and ſee in me, a Man that dotes upon thee; oh, I am all Faith, all Conſtancy!

M. Griff. So, now he ſhould begin to diſſolve a little, there's an Art, in all Trades; in ours, it is the greateſt Part to know when to come on, and when to ſtand off: The Man's Paſſion is now at the Top, and Things cannot long ſtand at the Top; it is an old Obſervation I have made, that when the Pot boils over, it cools itſelf: --- But then the Fat's all in the Fire —— Ay! that is not as it ſhou'd be ---- ſhe ſhou'd encourage him a little, or the hot Fit will be over, and he degenerate into cool Reaſon again.

Cor. Perſwade me not; oh, I can never Love again.

Bev. My Love grows high, and rages in me like a Storm; believe my Vows, but you have been deceived that way already: Therefore thou dear, thou lovely injured fair One, Credit my plain Sincerity, I will be grateful in what way you pleaſe, take me to your Embraces.

Cor. And do you take me, then for ſuch a Creature, that have no Senſe, but Appetite, the brutal Part of Love? I am not yet abandon'd to ſuch Wretchedneſs.

Bev. Forgive me, who too haſtily run o'er what ought to have been ſaid of my Paſſion, and came too rudely on thee

wiſh'

wish't for Part, 'tis the effect of youthful Ignorance, of hot Desire, and eager to be Happy.

Cor. Think on the Sin:

Bev. 'Tis none, but a vile Imposition on the Law of Nature, contriv'd by cunning avaricious Fathers, to stop the rapid Tide of generous Love, and tye it down to sordid Interest: What did the Creation mean a Woman for, but Pleasure? And Pleasure is the End of all we either do or wish: Desire is a Law, set down by Nature's Counsel, and not to be disputed.

M. Griff. A marry, there's Logick! there's an Argument to encourage Trading in our Way: Marry if I had not left my Pencil, and my Book, at the Meering last Sabbath-Day, I would have taken it down in Short-hand.

Cor. Think how you'll suffer in your Reputation.

Bev. No Matter the Fools of Form shall say, nothing is bad, or good, but my Opinion, and that was ever blind, or partial; I love to please myself, and not the World, I choose not with others Reason, but my own Eyes; the point out you, as my supremest good: Dull Custom I despise, I'll follow Nature's Laws; Beauty was made for use, it gives Desire, Desire is natural, and what is natural cannot be a Sin.

M. Griff. An excellent Doctor of Fornication I Vow, and argues very learnedly for its Practice.

Cor. Well, I will consent —— shall I?

M. Griff. Ay! that's prettily acted, to the Life, the Girl has nickt her Cue.

Cor. Shall I, or can I trust again? Oh, Fool, how natural 'tis for Women to Believe? But will you not to be false, shall not Possession pall?

Bev. Possession pall! Oh, no, my Love shall still Increase, still grow upon Enjoyment; upon thy Lips I swear, by this, and this, all the thrilling Joys to come, no Time shall languish my Affection, or Fruition satiate.

M. Griff So, so, the Articles are Sign'd, I'll leave 'em to exchange the Preliminaries by themselves. [*Exit.*

Cor. Can you believe this Heart, that has been us'd so ill already, can trust on feeble Vows? Will you be bravely Kind? And as a Proof, of your avow'd Affection, resolve to do a Deed, would shake a Soul that is not fixt in Love?

Bev. If within my Power, suppose it done.

Cor.

Cor. Yes,—— but 'tis no Matter--- oh, *Bevil*, how have you ſtol'n into my Heart,--- indeed I do not love *Freeman*.

Bev. Then I am Happy.

Cor. Nay, I do hate him.

Bev. You make me bleſt.

Cor. I wiſh he were not your Friend, for I hate him, by this Kiſs I do.

Bev. I love to feel ſuch Oaths, ſwear again.

Cor. Oh *Bevil*, I have made a Vow.

Bev. What Vow, my Charmer?

Cor. I dare not tell,--- endeavour to forget me, as I muſt to forget Mankind:

Bev. Stay, --- rack me not thus with thy unkind Delay.

Cor. As long as *Freeman* lives, I muſt not, cannot, dare not Love.

Bev. Then he muſt die. ---

Cor. Wou'd I were any Thing, ſo he were dead:

Bev. Will you be mine when he is dead?

Cor. Will I! yes, by my Hope of dear Revenge I will, and only yours, inviolably yours.

Bev Why then he dies, 'tis as irrevocable as Breath.

Cor. Now I am ſure you love me. --

Bev. Beyond Expreſſion, Words are too poor to paint the Tranſport of my Heart: Oh! let me claſpe thee in my deſiring Arms, and delicate this happy Moment unto Love.---

Cor. Bevil forbear, I'll not infringe my Vow; while *Freeman* lives, you ſhall not take Poſſeſſion of my Love, and of his Death this Token I require: He has a Ring dear to him as his own Breath, a Pledge of Love from his fair *Celia*; I have often try'd with cunning Art, to get it from him; but even in the ſofteſt Hours of Love, when I thought his Heart was mine by his proteſting Tongue, he ſtill refus'd me, ſwearing his Life and that muſt part together; --- now bring me this Ring, and then you ſhall not ask ought of me I'll deny:

Bev. What kill a Man! my Friend too! --- let me not think on it--- Reaſon avaunt, Love commands my Heart --- Madam farewel, I'll give a fatal Proof how well I Love.

[*Exit.*

Cor. Miſchief ſucceed, my Heart ſwells high for my Revenge, --- the Friend will kill his Friend, him that ſurvives Ill' hang --- then the Ring, --- that gives my Malice the larger

larger Scope, even to the vexing of fair *Celia*'s Heart; --- the hate which from neglected Love proceeds, out does the most inveterate Malice.

In me, the World shall know the worst of Evils;
Woman forsaken, is the worst of Devils. [Exit.

Enter Mr. Thinkwell, *and* Freeman.

Think. Sir, I am very well satisfy'd; you need not make any Apology: If my Daughter likes you as well for a Husband, as like you for a Son-in-Law, you shall be as happy as you please to think yourself.

Free. I am only sorry (not for my own but *Celia*'s sake) that my Fortune is not equal to my Love.

Think. Look ye, Sir, if my Daughter likes your Person, the smallness of your Fortune shan't forbid the Banes; a good Husband is a Fortune I say: Understanding is better than Land, and I had much rather marry my Daughter to a Man that wants Money, than Money that wants a Man.

Free. Sir, this is a Blessing. ---

Think. That's as it proves --- look ye, young Fellow, no set Speeches; 'tis a strange Thing that a Man can't ask a Father's Consent to marry his Daughter, but he must put on a dull serious Face and make his Way with a melancholy Apology: Why can't Fathers and Sons be good Companions? Once more, young Man, I give you my Consent; my Daughter is young; and in the *Feminine* Sex, desire to Marriage rides Post; she a good humour'd Girl, and does not want Understanding: She has some Inclination for you I believe, by what I have heard and seen; so if you can make one another happy in your Loves, I'll make you both happy in a good Fortune.

Free. If I can make my way to *Celia*'s Heart, I shall be the happiest of Mankind.

Think. If a good Word of mine will do thee a Service, thou shalt not want it, for I like thee, and think thee a proper Match for my Daughter; I am intirely for having an Agrument of Years, and Hearts in Marriage; I am not so old, to forget I was once young, which makes me cautious how I impose upon my Child's Love; I wou'd not have

have her Heart and her Hand divided; tho' Love is very little consulted in the Marriages now-a-days: *Cupid*'s Arrows are headed with Gold; if the Estates agree, no matter for the Affections, the Church has little to do in the Ceremony, the more's the shame, for the Lawyers are the Priests, and Bonds and Indentures the Banes of Matrimony, which causes so many Husbands and Wives, to go different Ways. But, young Man, here has been Tears shed upon your Account, but that's under the Rose; here was a naughty Woman of your Acquaintance yesterday with my Daughter, I wish you have done honourably with that Creature

Free. Sir, that Woman is the vilest of her Sex, I confess I have had an Affair with her, and now I have broke it off, she pursues me with an implacable Hatred

Think. Well, well, we have all had our Follies, every one must have his Time of Probation, and I like a Man who knows the World, Experience is the best School-master; you'll know the Value of a Vertuous Woman the better, by being acquainted with a Vicious one, for good and bad, are only known by comparison, but I am inform'd your Friend *Bevil* is grown passionately fond of her.

Free. Even to Madness; I never knew a Man of Sense so besotted

Think. Bevil has not acted like a Man of Honour in his behaviour to my Niece, his Love to that Creature has rob'd him of his good Manners, as well as his Sense, or he might have made some tolerable Excuse for his Neglect of the Girl; tho' she carries it off with good Humour, and I hope Time, and Reflection of his Injustice will deface the Impression he has made on her Heart.

Free. Sir, I am certain *Bevil* is a Man of Honour, tho' he is bewitch'd to this pernicious Woman at present, and will, I am sure, approve himself to your, and fair *Miranda*'s Satisfaction

Think. Your Pardon, Sir, I do not think so; I know how to resent an Injury: But here comes my Daughter.---

Enter Celia.

So *Celia*, a good Morning to you Child: Here an Acquaintance of yours has been asking me to accept of him for a Son-in-Law; I won't put you to the Blush, by asking you if you can like him; tho' that's a kind of a tell-tale Look, my

my Dear, and if I have not forgot the Language of the Eyes, I can tell how your Heart beats.

Cel. Lord Father, this is so surprizing. ----

Think. P'sha, P'sha, what you have not dreamt of a Husband to Night, I warrant you: — Well, well, *Celia*, without more ado, if you have any Love to dispose on, here's your Chapman, and if you can give him your Heart, I'll give him my Consent, and a Coral for your first Boy: --- Well, I'll leave you, for I find I do but spoil Sport: — Up to her young Fellow, and attack her briskly, cut a Caper into her Heart, ——— Odd, methinks I long to see you in Bed together. — Well, I'll leave open the Door of Opportunity, and *Cupid* speed you. [*Exit.*

Free. Now *Celia*, this is Happiness beyond our Expectations.

Cel. Now, I am sorry my Father has given his Consent.

Free. How, *Celia!* Are you sorry he has given his Consent?

Cel. Yes, for methinks I dont like you half so well now; there's a Pleasure in over-coming of Difficulties, and I should strangely like to be run away with.

Free. This is all Romance; when shall be the happy Day, my Charmer?

Cel. Ay, now 'tis my Charmer: I wish Matrimony dont make me your Tormenter. Marriage is a bold Venture; for Husbands are like Lots in a Lottery, forty Blank to a Prize.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Bevil* is below, and desires to speak with you immediately, about important Business.

Free. Desire him to walk up—With your leave, Madam.— (*Exit. Serv.*

Cel. By all means — I'll leave you for the present, and go comfort my Cousin, with the welcome News of the Prodigal's Return. —— [*Exit.*

Enter Bevil.

Free. So my Friend, what News from *Babylon?* How does the Woman of Sin?

Bev. O *Freeman!* Sure Nature never before produc'd so damn'd a Devil.

Free. Which way does the Wind sit now?

Bev. I have escap'd falling into the worst of Mischiefs; I have been tempted to thy Death, and in my Heat of Passion, inflam'd with wild Desire, and robb'd of Reason, by her bewitching Charms, I vow'd to kill thee.

Free. What is the rampant Strumpet grown mad for the Loss of her Man? Now do you consider, *Bevil*, what you might have done, urg'd by your Love, and inveterate Malice? Then think betimes, and let this drive her from your Heart: How can'st thou neglect the proffer'd Love of fair *Miranda*, and court the vile lewd Embraces of so vile a Creature?

Bev. I must pity poor *Miranda*; but oh, my Friend! That Creature, vile as she is, has got into my Heart, and Reason cannot drive her thence.—You have a Ring,—

Free. Which she wou'd have?

Bev. Ay, and thy Heart too; and as a Proof that I had kill'd you, she commanded me to bring that Ring, which she was well assur'd you wou'd part with Life first, for which Deed, and only which, I shou'd possess her Love.

Free. And then you vow'd to kill your Friend?

Bev. My Passion, not I; for then my Reason interpos'd, I could not bear to look upon myself: I am almost mad, to think I doat upon a Body, whose Soul, I know to be so hideous black; oh, that I cou'd master my impatient Appetite!

Free. You may, you can, your Vertue having Space to think, and fortify her weaken'd Powers, with Reason, and divine Discourse, will stifle this low, and sensual Fire.

Bev. Oh, no, my Friend, in Blood is no Religion; nor Reason, in Desire: I fear I shall be urg'd to act some Deed, whose very Name is hideous: I dare not trust myself.

Free. No?

Bev. It is my Fate; I must enjoy her.

Free. You shall; here take this Ring, show it to that fair Devil, it will confirm her that I am kill'd; which Report, with my artificial Absence, will make good.

Bev. But if it be given out that you are slain, and that, by me, I shall be seiz'd. Where shall I find you?

Free.

Free. At our Friends the Goldſmiths; I dare truſt him with the Deſign.

Bevil. Farewell, my Friend, every Man has his Follies.---
[*Exit.*

Free. Now Repentance, the Fools whip, o'er take thee; I'll be thy Friend, but not thy Vices; no Goldſmith ſhall ſee me: I'll hide where none ſhall think: I'll make thee know, and feel thy Errors in the ſevereſt Senſe, and into the worſt, and vileſt of Dangers, thou ſhalt fall.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Scene changes to the Street. Enter Vizard.

Viz. A Pox of all Dice; I wish I cou'd forswear touching a Box again while I live; for what I get by other Men's Folly, I lose by own: Let me see; the Silver Tankard, which I stole from *Mixum* the Vintner, (as great a Rogue as I myself) I sold for five and twenty Pounds, which I lost at Hazard in two Hours, and now I don't know where to eat; Necessity is the Mother of Invention; I have cheated all my Acquainrance over and over again, and am as poor now, as when I was honest; I have but one poor solitary Shilling left.——Oh, here comes a Barber's Boy, his Bason, and Razors will purchase a Dinner.

Enter Solomon.

How now, my Lad! Where art thou going?

Sol. To shave Mr. *Mixum*, Sir.

Viz. Oh, that's well, I was just going to your Master's.

Sol. To my Father's, you mean, I believe, Sir?

Viz. Ay, right, thy Father's, you are a pretty Boy; I have heard Mr. *Mixum*, my Friend, commend thee much.--

Sol. He is my Godfather, Sir.

Viz. Is he, is he? Well, and what is thy Name?

Sol. My Name is *Solomon Smack*.

Viz. A wise Boy, I assure you; well, *Solomon*, I was just going to thy Father's to borrow an Apron, a Bason, and Razors, to shave Mr. *Mixum*, out of a Frolick; so now I have met thee, I'll take thine. [*Offers to take 'em*]

Sol, O dear, Sir, what do you mean?

Viz. No Harm, my Lad, only a Frolick; --- I'll get thee, in the mean Time, to step to the Sign of the *Crown*, at the End of the Street, and tell the Gentleman, who waits there for me, I desire him to come to me at Mr. *Mixum*'s House,

House, my Name is *Truman*, and here is Six-pence for thy Pains; I'll leave thy Bason, and Things for thee, at thy God-father's.

Sol. Thank you kindly, Sir; I'll make Haste. [*Exit.*

Viz. So, this happens luckily; by this I get Admittance to *Mixum*'s Chamber, and if I can fix my Bird-lime Fingers upon any Thing that is moveable, I'm sure my Conscience won't fly in my Face; I take more Pleasure in Cheating that Rogue, than any Body I know; and if I don't shave him now, I shall say my Wit and my Razors are both very blunt.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes. *Enter* Mixum *and his Wife.*

Wif. It is right, I assure you, just two and forty Pounds. [*Lays the Money on the Table.*]

Mix. Well, I'll send Home the Punch-bowl; I must go Taste some Wines that are just landed, but I shall be at Home at Supper.

Wif. Truly, Husband, I do begin to dislike this Vocation of ours, we do cheat most abominably, and truly I speak it with Grief, and to the pricking of my Conscience.

Mix. Prithee, peace Woman, what have we to do with Conscience? Don't we keep a Tavern? It is Time enough to talk of that, when we have got an Estate: Go, go mind your Business, mend the Matter, and score false with a Vengeance: How, now! Who are you?

[*Enter* Vizard, *like a Barber.*

Viz. I am a Journey-man to Mr. *Smack*, your Barber, and am come to shave you.

Mix. Pray what's your Name?

Viz. *Timothy Truth.*

Mix. A very good Name; but where is my God-son? He us'd to shave me.

Viz. He's gone to shave Mr. *Grub*, the Lecturer, but my Master fear'd you might be in haste, and therefore sent me to shave you: —— Will you be pleas'd to sit down? ——

[*He sits,* Vizard *puts the Shaving-Cloth round his Neck.*]

Mix. And how long have you been a Barber?

Viz. About a Year, Sir.

Mix. Then you did not ſerve your Time to it?

Viz. No, Sir, but I am willing to do any Thing for an honeſt Livelihood: A wagging Hand, you know, Sir, gets a Penny. [*Making a Lather.*

Mix. A good ingenious Fellow.

Viz. Yes, Sir, I have nothing elſe to truſt to.

Mix. What were you bred to?

Viz. The Sea, Sir, I was an Apprentice to a Captain of a Merchant-man.

Mix. How came you to leave the Sea?

Viz. Ill-luck, Sir.

Mix. What was it?

Viz. What the Devil muſt I ſay now? ——— [*Aſide.* Why, Sir, in my firſt Voyage, we met with three *Algerine* Pirates, which we made all the Sail from we could, but being deep laden, found it impoſſible; and I having heard the Miſeries thoſe Men go through, that are made their Slaves, choſe rather to run the Hazard of being drowned, than made their Priſoner, and ſo prevail'd upon the Cooper of our Ship, to Barrel me up in an Oatmeal-Cask, with ſix Biſcakes, clap a ſtrong Cork into the Bung-hole, and fling me over Board, which he immediately did; ------- there was I toſt upon the Seas, for eight Days together, 'till I was almoſt ſtarv'd, for I had nothing but theſe Biſcakes to live on:---- At laſt, as Fortune wou'd have it, a *Dutch* Man of War, ſailing along, and ſpying a Barrel, floating on the Sea, they mann'd out their Long-boat, and brought me aboard,--- I was ſo faint, for want of Air, and Victuals, that I was not able to ſpeak; but I heard 'em diſputing what it was that ſhou'd be in the Barrel; one ſaid it was Beef, another ſaid it was Butter, and a Third ſaid it was Oatmeal; at laſt the Cooper was call'd to beat out the Bung, which he did, and let out ſuch a Fume, that they all concluded it ſtunk like the Devil: At laſt, one of the Sailors putting in his Hand to feel what it was, I whipt his Fore-finger and Thumb in my Mouth, and bit 'em clever off; (for you muſt know I was curſed hungry) with that, the Fellow roar'd out, it was the Devil, the Cooper clap'd the Bung into the Barrel, and toſs'd me over-board again. ----

Mix. 'Od-bud, that was ill Luck indeed! --- How did'ſt thou 'ſcape at laſt?

Viz. By

Viz. By meer Providence ; I ſaid about the Sea, in this Barrel, for twelve Days more, and had nothing to live on but the Man's Fore-finger and Thumb. ------ Hold up your Head, Sir.

Mix. Twelve Days, O Pox, that could not be, *Tim.*

Viz. 'Tis true, as I'm an honeſt Man ; ---- at laſt I found I was flung a-ſhore by the Tide ; and thinking to myſelf I might as well be drown'd, as ſtarv'd, (by this Time, you muſt know, I had not ſo much as a Nail of the Man's Finger and Thumb left) I ſtruck out the Bung, and putting my Head out for a little freſh Air, found I was caſt a-ſhore in *Greenland*: Immediately, Sir, I ſpy'd a white Fox, come galloping down to the Sea-ſide, with that I whip'd my Head into the Barrel again, knowing it to be a Beaſt of Prey.

Mix. A white Fox! How big was this white Fox ?

Viz. Somewhat bigger than a large *Flanders* Mare, Sir, and down he came to the Barrel ; ſo ſmelling where about I was, he rear'd like a Lion ; but as Providence would have it, that very Moment, a Fly ſtung him by the Buttocks, and he turn'd round to rub himſelf againſt the Barrel ; his Tail lying over the Bung-hole, I clap'd faſt hold on't with both my Hands ; the Fox, frighten'd at that, fell a galloping, as if the Devil was at his Tail, and drew the Barrel, with me in it, over Hedge and Ditch, for three and twenty Miles together ; but at laſt, jumping into a Wood, and running full Speed between two Trees, that ſtood very cloſe together, ſtav'd the Barrel all to Pieces, away run the Fox, and out came I.

Mix. O, *Tim*, this muſt be a Gun, *Tim.*

Viz. Every Word true, or I wiſh I may never ſhave again : So, Sir, I travell'd to the Port, where I met with an *Engliſh* Veſſel, and ſhip'd myſelf a Paſſenger, and came Home in her : ---- Shut your Eyes, or my Ball will make 'em ſmart.

Mix. Ay, Ay, ---- I find you have been a great Traveller ; was you ever in the Popiſh Countries ?

Viz. In moſt Parts of *Italy*, Sir, and I am acquainted with all the Monaſteries. ---- I was once treated very handſomly by an old Monk, with a delicate Haſty-pudding, made of the Milk of Saint *Luke*'s Cow, and thicken'd with a Pound of the *Chaos*.

Mix. O

Mix. O, Pox, *Tim*, you talk like a Traveller, now, indeed.

Viz. Why, I hope you don't think I lye, Sir, ---- Pray ſhut your Eyes, Sir: ---- Oh, Sir, there are Abundance of venerable Antiquities in all their Churches: Why, Sir, I, myſelf, ſaw the very Shoes in which Saint *Ignatius* walk'd bare-foot to *Jeruſalem:* Nay, Sir, I ſaw the Horſe-ſhoe, of the Horſe, that begot the Mare, that foal'd the Foal, that was the Horſe, that brought the Man, that knew the Man, that ſaw our Lady, of *Loretto*'s Chappel, fly from *Judæa* into *Italy*.

Mix. Truly, *Tim*, this is a Horſe-ſhoe of Quality: ---- A pleaſant Fellow, Faith.

Viz. O, Sir, it is renown'd for doing Miracles; 'tis the very firſt Horſe-ſhoe that ever kept Witches out of a Houſe: ---- Take Time by the Fore-lock, ſays the Wiſe-man, --- I muſt leave the Vintner in the Suds. [*Aſide.*

[*Takes the Bag off the Table, and runs off.*

Mix. O, Pox, this muſt be a damn'd Lye, *Tim*; --- come make haſte, tho' ha, ha, ha, I can't help Laughing, to think what a Bead roll of Lyes thou haſt told off-hand, with thy white Fox, thy *Hafty*-pudding, made of the *Chaos*, and thy wonderful Horſe-ſhoe; thou doſt not take me to be ſuch an Aſs to believe all this, ſure?---Why don't you ſhave me?--- Why, *Timothy*, I ſhall be blind with winking, *Tim.* --- why *Tim.* ---- O, Lord, my Heart miſ-gives me; --- why Wife, ---- Wife, ---- O, the Devil, my Money's gone! ---- Why Wife, ---- Wife. ----

Enter his Wife.

Wif. What's the Matter with you, Husband, you make ſuch a Noiſe?

Mix. Where's the Barber?

Wif. Why, he is gone, ---- are not you trim'd, then? ---

Mix. Trim'd! Yes, I am trim'd, with a Vengeance: --- Did you take the Money off this Table?

Wif. Not I, as I'm an honeſt Woman. ---

Mix. O, Lord, I have wink'd to ſome Purpoſe now? ---

Enter Solomon.

Sol. Pray, Godfather, give me your Bleſſing.

Mix. My

Mix. My Bleſſing! The Devil choke you, where's your Father's Man?

Sol. My Father has no Man, Sir.

Mix. My Money, my two and forty Pounds are gone! Who was it trim'd me, you Dog?

Sol. I don't know, indeed, Sir; a Gentleman met me, as I was coming to you, and borrow'd my Baſon, and Razors, as he ſaid, for a Frolick.

Mix. A Pox of his Frolick; this muſt be that Rogue, *Vizard*; who the Devil could have ſuſpected him in a Barber's Skin? 'Sbud, if I catch him, I'll ſtrangle him with my own Hands.

Wif. Nay, good honeſt-hearted *Robin*, have Patience.

Mix. Patience with a Pox to you! Yes, that was the Doctrine you preach'd, when I caught Alderman *Standfaſt*, and your Ladiſhip, upon the red Squab-Couch in the *Maiden-head*; Patience with a Devil!

Wif. Good Husband take Comfort, I'll play the Devil but I'll recover it; then have a good Conſcience *Robin*, 'tis but Scoring double for a Week, and that will fetch it up again.

Mix. O Wife, Wife, I thought I ſhould have ſuch Luck to Day, becauſe I got out of Bed backwards this Morning; well, I'll Laugh, make Merry, caſt up my Accompts, and then go hang myſelf: I have been ſhav'd, finely trim'd indeed! the Devil run away with the white Fox, and the Barber together, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mother Griffin, Corinna, *and* Vizard.

Cor. Oh, Impudence! am I then fall'n ſo low, to be ſollicited by thee?

Viz. By me! Why not, *Corinna*, by me? Here's that which makes me equal with the Beſt; Honour, and Dignity, are derived from this alone, [*ſhakes a Purſe,*] 'tis the World's Baſis, and I am ſure, the moſt prevailing Argument with your Sex.

M. Griff. Ay by my Conſcience is it, and the wiſer we: Why what ſignifies a Title, 'tis but an empty Sound at beſt and Sound is but Air, and a Woman cannot live upon Air; and for Honour, why 'tis only the Workmanſhip of Opinion: Marry there's no thriving in this World, if you prefer any Thing before Money.

Viz.

Viz. Right, Mother *Griffin*, You ſpeak like an Oracle, 'tis the grand Mover of all Things.

M. Griff. Ay by my Troth is it, and the Quinteſcence of Virtue too: There is no Diſgrace like Poverty; for if you obſerve, none but poor Harlots are call'd Whores; get but Money, and you are above Scandal, you may go to Church without Bluſhing, nay, upon my Honeſty, you are Company for the Parſon of the Pariſh: And I remember a witty Couplet written by an old Bard to the ſame Purpoſe.

Oh London! *What Shame that Town reproaches,*
Poor Whores are whipt--and Rich ones ride in Coaches.

Viz. Right, the firſt beat Hemp in our *Bridewells*, and the latter drink Tea, with the Juſtices.

Cor. Ceaſe your helliſh Doctrine.

Viz. Come *Corinna*, whatever you may think of me, I was once a Gentleman, tho' I am fall'n ſo low, tho' poor, depriv'd of all, I have a Heart, and Will, that ſtil remains, and fain would venture on when Beauty calls; and this ſmall Stock, which my own Induſtry has got, I muſt employ it yet to that dear Uſe. ——

M. *Griff.* Take it *Corinna*, I have an Apothecary's Bill to pay. ——

Cor. Hell take you, and that together.

M. Griff. O bleſs me! was ever ſuch an uncharitable Creature? Go, you may be aſham'd to uſe a Woman of my Years, at this rate, if you had any Grace: Have you forgot how kind I have been to you, Huſſy? Did I not take you from the Waggon, a poor, ignorant, awkard, Country Girl, with nothing but an old Stuff Gown to thy Back, and inſtead of making a Servant, did I not put thee into a goodly Condition, gave thee fine Cloaths, trick'd thee up, and brought thee into the beſt Company? Well, well, the Sin of Ingratitude is great; where do you think to go when you die, for uſing me at this rate? [*Crying.*] Have I not help'd you to rich *Jews*, *French* Marquiſſes, *German* Counts, *Engliſh* Lords, *Scotch* Earls, and *Dutch* Merchants, innumerable? Come, come, if you had had any Grace, you might have made ſomething of all theſe; and am I thus rewarded for my Pains: Well, *Mary Griffin*, go thy ways, *Mary Griffin*, thy kind Heart will bring thee to the Hoſpital.

Viz. Take

Viz. Take this little Tribute of my conquer'd Heart, I may in Time increase it.

Cor. Base servile Villain, who livest by Noise, and Riot, canst thou believe, that after *Freeman*'s Love, I could receive a Rascal to my Arms?

Viz. If I were there, you'd find but little Difference, and possibly the next you entertain, may fail to pay the Price I offer ye: This Rascal, and that beauteous haughty Thing, bating the Sex, differ but very little. I live by Broils, by Rapine, and by Spoils; in Fears, Vexations, Dangers; so do you; I eat, when I can get a Fool to treat me, and you can do no more; a Pox of your Pride, methinks we two might understand each other; you have no Gallant to take your Quarrel up; you reign'd when Time was, I'll do so now, for you have known my Love, shall find my Power, tho' yet I ne'er durst tell you so.

Cor. Nor shall not yet, for tho' that Lover's gone, who but to look on, would have made thee tremble; I have Beauty still that may command another Man, whose very glance shall make thee bow; and has it lost its Awe?

Viz. It has, and I am resolv'd upon a Conquest.

Cor. Death! Sirrah, stand off; and view my fatal Hand, it carries Death to the bold Ravisher, that dares approach unreverently; a Whore! what tho' to her that bears it, 'tis a Shame, to all the World beside, it bears a mighty Sound, petitioned, sue'd to, worshipp'd, presented, flatter'd, sacrific'd to, Monarch of Monarchs, Tyrant of the World, what does that charming Word not signifie? And dar'st thou raise thy hated Eyes so high, to gaze on such a Constellation?

Viz. I'll not leave you so. [*Exit.*

Resolution conquers Love, for like a Shade,
It follows, fled; pursu'd, flies, as afraid. [Exit.

M. Griff. Go thy Ways for a cunning Knave, my Life for thy Success; he has that will debauch half our Sex, Money and Impudence, two irresistible Temptations: What would you have Sir? wou'd you

Enter Freeman *in Disguise.*

have ought with me? — A proper handsome Fellow, but ill dress.

Free. Mr.

Free. Madam, I am a Gentleman grown poor, decay'd by Fortune, and wou'd gladly ſerve you; I can obey, cou'd you direct where.

M. Griff. This Fellow wou'd ſerve my Turn moſt admirably: I like his Symmetry, he is well built, and by Troth, my Blood is not ſo cold, nor am I yet ſo old, to be paſt Pleaſure: --- Adod, I am a brisk old Woman, Ha, ha, ha, [*Dances.*] Oh, a Stitch, a Stitch! --- Oh, my Fabrick grows very weak, and the leaſt Motion, looſens the Joints, ----- Well we muſt all decay: Life is but a Span, and Death is a Debt we muſt all pay ſooner or later. Mercy on us. ----- Well! I Vow he is a portly Fellow, --- and if I were not old, --- a pies of that Word Age, --- but the oldeſt Cooks can lick their Fingers.

Corin within] Help, help, undone, Oh, help!

Free. Ha, what Noiſe is that. [*Draws, and runs in.*

M. Griff. Sure the Rogue is raviſhing her.

Enter Freeman *dragging in* Vizard, Corinna *following.*

Cor. Hold, do not kill the Villain: 'Tis enough you have ſaved me from his Miſchief, --- pray let him go.

Free. 'Tis pity, but I will obey: Be-gone, baſe Scoundrel. ---- (*Kicks him off.*) 'Sdeath, what a wretched Thing's a Whore, that every Raſcal dares approach with Love?

Cor. But who, are you, pray, Sir, to whom I am ſo much oblig'd?

Free. One that would gladly ſerve in any Quality.

Cor. Thou haſt a brave Soul, I'm ſure; I will endeavour to prefer you; in the mean Time make this your Houſe.

[*Knocking without.*

M. Griff. Shall any have Admittance? [*Exit.*

Cor. Only the perjur'd *Freeman*'s Friend: You may retire, and wait my farther Pleaſure.

Free. I'll over-hear you to. — [*Retires.*

Enter M. Griffin, *and* Bevil.

Bev. Now, my dear Miſtreſs, Soul of my Deſires, I come with all the Spoils of conquering Love, to lay 'em at thy Feet; the Bar to all my Happineſs is dead, and here's the Witneſs of my Victory. ----

Cor.

Cor. Freeman dead! Oh, thou inhumane Friend, who borrow'd that Title only to betray him! O Juſtice, can you let this bloody Villain live? Support me, or I fall to the Earth with this ſad killing News.

Bev. What do you mean, Madam? Shall I vow to you he is not dead?

Cor. Ha! Not dead, Traytor! And haſt thou then deceived my Hopes? And is not *Freeman* dead? Oh, what is Man? Did'ſt thou not ſwear, and beg to give me any Proof of thy falſe Paſſion? I ask't you this, and is it thus, you give it? Oh, for a quick revenging Power to kill thee.

Bev. Calm thy dear angry Face, and tell my Love, which Way it beſt ſhall pleaſe?

Cor. Is it then in that Choice to tell me either? Oh, blaſt thy double Tongue, and all this Beauty that miſled thy Truth.

Bev. Then ſince 'tis my Deſtiny to offend, I'll follow Truth, and tell you, Madam, all your ſtrict Commands I did obey; and *Freeman* is no more.

Cor. No more! Why what had'ſt thou to do with my Commands? Oh, thou haſt kill'd all that my Soul could love; go from my Eyes, far from my Thoughts remain.

Bev. This is an ill Reward for all my Love: But ſuch Ingratitude will drive thee from my Heart. (*Going.*

Cor. I muſt not let him go, 'till I'm reveng'd, — Stay, I relent. Oh, ſtay, and give my Heart a little Time, to take Leave of its old Acquaintance; alas, I lov'd this *Freeman*, lov'd him dearly, more than my Life.

Bev. Why did you kill him then?

Cor. Why, in my own Defence, he gave the firſt, I fear, the mortal Wound.

Bev. Then believe it juſt, and think of him no more, but of the dear Reward of all my Services: Come, will ye not?

Cor. I will; but you'll receive it decently, and not with Hands ſtain'd in the Blood of him, who lately was ſo dear to me?

Bev. Still on that Subject?

Cor. You'll find me all you wiſh, give me but an Hours Time to compoſe myſelf.

Bev. Do not you dally with me?

Cor. No, by Heaven, when you return, I'll give you your Reward; and what you moſt deſerve, — (*Aſide.*

Bev. Here keep this Ring, and think each Minute's Absence, is a long Year in Love. —— Farewel. [*Exit*

Cor. Vain, credulous, treacherous Fool, farewel: Mischief, inspire me now with all thy Arts Methinks the Sight of this instructs my Soul with a most noble Piece of Villainy. I will to *Celia* with this Ring, and frame a Story of such cunning Mischief, shall stab her through the Ear, into the Heart; by Heaven 'tis greatly brave, and I'll begin it: Then, when this treacherous Fellow does return, I'll be prepar'd for him.—Who waits?

Enter Mother Griffin, *and* Freeman.

Free. Now what a Devil is this Woman! [*Aside.*

Cor. Call a Coach this Minute — and you, Sir, I must beg to wait on me.

Free. Where ever you command. —— This was lucky —— [*Aside*] [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Street. Enter Vizard.

Viz. There is a Fate, I think, attends Men of my Vocation, that what we extract from Fools, and undesigning Persons, by the Curse of Desire, is generally apply'd to the Use of some insolent Whore, that is predestin'd to doat on another, and maintain her Paramour, at our Expence: I, who am so excellent a Master in all the subtle Arts of Circumvention, am not Proof against the Insinuation of Beauty: There is a Kind of Witchcraft in the Face of *Corinna*, and I am a voluntary Bubble: That damn'd old Bard, Mother *Griffin*, has had more Money from me, to procure her Consent, than ever any Golden Ass gave for a young Actress's Maidenhead.

Enter Mixum, *and the Goldsmith's Apprentice, with a Silver Punch-Bowl.*

Mix. Be sure you take a particular Care of it; deliver it into my Wife's own Hands; for I am terribly afraid of that Rogue *Vizard*; he's a cunning Fellow, and able to cheat the Devil; nay, to my Knowledge, he has made an Ass of a Lawyer, and circumvented a Stock-jobber: —— But if ever I catch him, Oons I'll play the Devil with him.

[*Th*

[*The Apprentice, and* Mixum *go off severally.*]

Vix. The Fox grows fat when he's curs'd; I'll ſhave you ſmoother yet Friend *Mixum*; my Mouth runs on Water for that Punch-bowl: If I were to bite a poor Poet, or a penurious Parſon, who for Want of Learning had but one good Meal in a Fortnight, it were a Sin; but to wring the Weathers of this baſe Jumbler of Elements, I hold it meritorious, and will draw a Lot for the Punch-bowl, without the Fear of a Halter before my Eyes. [*Exit.*

Scene changes. Enter Mr. Thinkwell, Celia, *and* Miranda.

Think. Celia, I know you love him, and there is no need of Diſſimulation: I have given you my Conſent, and once more tell you, I can never approve of any Man for your Husband, whom you diſlike.

Cel. Sir, I know not how to requite your Goodneſs, but by an entire Submiſſion to your Will.

Think. And what ſays my little *Volatile*, ha? —— Well, you ſhan't gnaw the Sheets for Want of better Employment; I'll take care you ſhan't die a Maid.

Mir. Indeed, Sir, you ought to provide me a Husband as ſoon as you can, for when my Couſin is diſpos'd on, I ſhan't care to lye alone.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Lady deſires to ſpeak with you.

Think. Bid her come in.

Enter Corinna, *and* Freeman, *diſguis'd.*

I hope your Buſineſs is with me fair Lady.

Mir. It would be but ill diſpatch'd then.

Cor. I know not, Sir; firſt, I muſt deſire your Name: Are you Father to the fair *Celia*?

Think. I am, fair Miſtreſs, for Want of a better; this is the Maid you name.

Cor. My Time's but ſhort, and what I have to ſay, I muſt diſpatch: Madam, you had a Lover once, young *Freeman.*

Cel. Had! (good Heaven) I hope, and have.

Cor. No, *Bevil* has basely kill'd him.

Cel. Oh, miserable *Celia!* [*Swoons.*

Think. Look to my Daughter.

Cor. Madam, look up; this great Concern he merits not, 'twas Pity brought me here to undeceive you: His Vows, and Soul were mine, intirely mine.

Cel. Why did you call me back to Life again, or say, in Pity, that you undeceiv'd me? If you knew *Freeman* false, why did you stay me? You should have let me dy'd, it would have been more charitable.

Mir. This must be Malice sure.

Cor. Madam, do you know this Ring? He gave it me, and told me such Things of your tiresome Passion, as often gave us cause of Laughter.

Mir. Sure all Mankind is false.

Cel. I cannot blame him, that he lov'd me not when so much Beauty as appears in you, gave him Permission to adore it; but 'twas most cruel to sport at my Misfortune; he should have pity'd Follies he created: — Help me, *Miranda*, for I grow faint.

Think. Lead her in, and be careful of her. ——

[*Exeunt* Celia, *and* Miranda.

but Madam. —

Free. I cannot hold, I must reveal myself — yet I will have Patience, to see the utmost that this Devil aims at: How miserable were it to be Vertuous, if such a Wretch as this cou'd prosper! Oh, Heaven, what Difference is in Women, and their Life? What Man, that's worthy the Name of Man, wou'd leave the modest Pleasures of a lawful Bed; Joys of chaste Sheets for the unhealthful Embraces of a common Woman? [*Aside.*

Think. Confest Madam? And to you? On what Acquaintance, pray?

Cor. He was in love with me, and seeing no Hopes of gaining me whilst *Freeman* liv'd, he found a Means to murder him, then vaunted of his Villainy to me: Please you to go, where I'll direct you, and you shall hear him confess the Murder.

Think. Madam, I'll lose no Time, but go with you this Minute; we'll take some Officers along with us: If *Bevil* be

be ſuch a Villain, he ſhall feel the utmoſt Rigour of the Law. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene changes. Enter Mrs. Mixum, *with a Punch-bowl, and the Apprentice.*

Wife. Well *Jarvis,* remember me to your Maſter, and Miſtreſs, and tell 'em, I acknowledge the Receipt of this—Acknowledge the Receipt! this 'tis to have good Education, and to be brought up in a Tavern; tho' my Husband be a Citizen, all *London* knows, I keep as good Company, as any She within the Walls. ---- Farewel, honeſt *Jarvis.*

[*Exit. the Apprentice.*

Enter Vizard, *dreſt like a Goldſmith's Apprentice, with a Jole of* Salmon.

Viz. A fair Hour to you, Miſtreſs.

Wif. A pretty Compliment; I'll write it down: A beautiful Thought to you, Sir.

Viz. Your Husband and my Maſter, Mr. *Gliſten,* have ſent you a Jole of freſh Salmon, and they intend to come both to Supper preſently, to ſeaſon your new Bowl, Forſooth, which your Husband intreats you would ſend back by me, that his Arms may be engraven on it, which he forgot before.

Wif. Are you ſent by no Token? Nay, I have a Wit.

Viz. Yes, Forſooth, by the ſame Token, he was left in the Suds this Morning.

Wif. A ſad Token, but true; here, pray commend me to your Maſter and Miſtreſs, and tell 'em I expect 'em impatiently: --- [*Exit.* Viz. *with the Bowl.*] Impatient was well again! *Sam, Sam,* why *Sam,* I ſay.

Enter Sam.

Sam. Here, here, Forſooth.

Wif. Come quickly, ſpread the Table, lay Napkins, and, do you hear, perfume the Room a little, it does ſo ſmell of this profane Tobacco; and I could never endure Tobacco, ſince Mr. *Tickletext* told me it was an Enemy to Propagation.--- So, ſpread handſomely. ---- Lord theſe Boys do Things ſo *Arſie-varſie!* You ſhew your Breeding: So Methodically.----

Hum! I wonder where I got that Word. Oh, it was Sir *John Empty* bid me kiss him Methodically; well he's a fine Gentleman, and every Thing he does is excrementally sweet. There's another fine Word.---Well! I have a Memory.

Enter Mr. Mixum.

Mix. Well, *Robin Mixum*, be not discourag'd, be not disheartned; thou wilt recover all.

Wif. Oh, are you come Husband! Where are they?

Mix. How now, how now, how now? What, a Feast going forwards! And in my private Parlour! Who treats *Peg*, who treats?

Wife. Prithee leave Fooling, are they come?

Mix. Come! Who come?

Wife. Lord, how strange you make it!

Mix. Strange, what's strange? Is the Woman mad?

Wife. Ay, strange: You know of none that sent me a Jole of fresh Salmon, do you -- and said they'd come to Supper with me?

Mix. Ha! fresh Salmon! Peace, not I; Peace, the Messenger has mistaken the House: Let's eat it up quickly, before it be enquir'd for: ---- Come, come, Vinegar, quickly. *Sam.* -- Some good Luck yet Faith; ---- I never tasted Salmon that reliſh'd better in my Life; ------ well, 'tis a rare Thing to feed at other Men's Cost.

Wife. Other Mens Cost! Prithee don't turn Fool; did not you send this Salmon?

Mix. No, I say, no.

Wife. By Mr. *Gliſten*'s Man?

Mix. I say no.

Wife. Who sent Word, that he and his Wife would come to Supper with me?

Mix. No, no, no. (*Eats heartily.*

Wife. And hansel my new Bowl?

Mix. Hah, Bowl! [*Lays down his Knife, and starts.*

Wife. And withall, commanded me to send the Bowl back?

Mix. Hah! back!

Wife. That your Arms might be put on't.

Mix. Oh!

Wife. By the same Token, that you were left in the Suds this Morning?

Mix. Oh, oh, oh! *Wife*

Wife. And thereupon I sent back the Bowl, ---- nay, and I bear not the Blame. -----

Mix. And is the Bowl gone? Is it deliver'd? Departed? Defunct? Hah!

Wife. Deliver'd! Yes sure, 'tis deliver'd.

Mix. I will never more say my Prayers; -- and is the Bowl gone?

Wife. Gone! God's my Witness, I deliver'd it, with no more Design to be cozen'd on't than the Child that's Unborn.

Mix. Look to my House, I am haunted with evil Spirits: Hear me, thou Plague to Man, thou Wife, thou: If I have not the Bowl again, I will go to the Devil; I'll to a Conjurer, look to my House; I'll raise all the Wise-men in *London.* [*Exit.*

Wife. Bless me, what fearful Words are these! I hope he is but drunk.

Enter Vizard, *as before.*

Viz. I must have my Salmon; I cannot afford the old Rogue so good a Bit: I must have it to season my Punch: Now for a Master-piece ---- fair Mistress. ----

Wife. Oh, have I caught you! *Sam,* shut up the Doors, *Sam.*

Viz. Peace, good Mistress, I'll tell you all; a Jest, a meer Jest; your Husband did it only to fright you: The Bowl's at my Masters, and thither your Husband's gone, and has sent me in all haste, lest you should be over frighted, to invite you to come to Supper to him.

Wife. Praise Heaven 'tis no worse; but he did not do well; I never was so scar'd in the whole varsal World; he has put every Part about me in a Constellation.

Viz. And he desires you would send the Salmon before, and yourself to follow; my Mistress will be very glad to see you.

Wife. I pray take it; well, I was never so out of my Wits, in my Life ---- pray thank your Mistress. [*Exit.* Viz. *with the* Salmon.] How my Heart beats still! --- *Sam,* send *Betty* with my Hood, my Gloves, and Scarf, quickly --- well, if I had been thus couzen'd of my Bowl, I should never have been *complus mentus* again.

Enter a Maid with a Hood, Scarf, and Gloves; and goes about to put them on.

Enter

Enter Mr. Mixum.

Mix. How now, whether are you Jaunting, ha?

Wife. Come, come, pray Leave off your Fooling; you might have made me miscarry.

Mix. What unusual Devil has possest the Woman?

Wife. Devil, me no Devil, will you go?

Mix. Go! Whither? In the Name of Madness, whither?

Wife. Whither? Why to Mr. *Glisten*'s, to eat the Salmon; how strange you make of it?

Mix. Your Meaning Jade, your Meaning?

Wife. Lord bless me! Did not you send for me, and for the Salmon, by the self-same Fellow, that came for the Bowl?

Mix. 'Tis well! 'Tis wondrous well! And are you in your right Wits, Jade? Are you?

Wife. Nay, if you make an Ass of me, I'll make an Ox of you, I tell you that. [*Exit.*

Mix. Certainly I must be distracted, or my Wife, ---- or both of us. ------ Well, I'll never pray again, that's certain; if Heaven forget to prosper Knaves, the City's like to thrive — I'll go hang myself out of the way. [*Exit.*

Scene changes. *Enter* Thinkwell, Corrinna, *and Officers.*

Cor. This is my Lodging, Sir, where, if you'll please to wait a little, you shall both see, and hear the Truth of what I've told you.

Think. But Madam, did he tell you, he had kill'd his Friend! tell you himself! that's strange?

Cor. Sir, if you find I wrong him, let me die; he came all breathless, panting to my Chamber, his Sword all bloody; pray'd me to conceal him, for he had murder'd *Freeman*.

Think. Under favour; what Quarrel had they, said he?

Cor. I innocently was the unhappy Cause: They lov'd me; both were Rivals in my Favour; nor knew I which my Heart inclin'd to most. *Freeman* had Wit, Youth, Gaity, and good Humour, was lovely, well made, fit to engage a Heart; and *Bevil* too was handsome, very discreet, amorous, soft in his Language, modest in his Actions, and though their Charms were different, yet 'twas hard to say who was the greater Conqueror; so I by favouring either, made the other jealous,

Enter

Enter Mother Griffin.

M. Griff. Well Daughter; *Bevill* is come again, —— he's upon the Stairs.

Cor. Pray, Sir, retire with the Officers into my Closet, and you shall hear he will confess the Murder, and having Witness, you may apprehend him. [*Exeunt*, Thinkwell, *and Officers.*

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Now, my *Corinna*, now my heavenly Fair, I come to claim my Promise. Oh, the excessive Joy that fills my Soul with Thoughts of my approaching Happiness.

Cor. But, stay.

Bev. Oh! do not kill me with that fatal Word.

Cor. You have not told me, yet, how you kill'd *Freeman.*

Bev. Oh! name him not; some Fit of Love, or Rage, will seize thy Soul, at naming him, and ruin me; my dear *Corinna*, Mistress of my Soul, name him no more.

Cor. Now on thy Life, by all I hold most dear, now *Freeman* is no more, the Repetition will be grateful to me; Prithee, how fell the perjur'd Man? Tell it me o'er again, and I'll resign myself for ever to thy Arms.

Bev. Tell thee, and take thee! Would every Syllable betray my Life, I'd haste to utter it for that Reward: I met with him in *Somerset-House* Gardens, and upbraiding him of his Cruelty to thee, I took that Occasion to provoke him unto a Quarrel, which succeeded; he drew, and at the Pass, my Sword went through his Heart, after that, I flung his Body into the *Thames*, which the Stream has by this Time carry'd farther off.

Cor. And you shall die for it, fond, easie Fool.

Enter Mr. Thinkwell, *and Officers.*

Think. Seize the Murderer: Oh, wicked Villain, base, and treacherous!

Bev. Base, and perfidious Woman; hold off your Hands, and let me ask this Devil why she does thus.

Cor. Oh, Fool, that could'st believe my Love so slight to let thee live, that murder'd him, I liv'd for: Now my Revenge is finish'd. *Bev.*

Bev. Now, now, I see the strong Deformity of sinful Passion.

Think. Come, come, Sir, we came not here to talk; carry him away, the Sessions begins To-morrow Morning; I'll get the Bill found, and have you hang'd out of the Way.

Bev. I deserve this Usage, but yet un-hand me; thus I had been serv'd, had I indeed kill'd *Freeman*; but, Sir, he lives, lives at his Goldsmith's, one *Glisten*'s, in *Cheapside*.

Cor. Heaven! Lives! Lives to be married: Oh! —

Think. We are not to believe that; to Prison with him, till he can prove this true.

Bev. No Rudeness, I'll go unguarded. ----- To what a monstrous Height of Wickedness is this Wretch arriv'd! first to contrive, and perswade me to murder, and then to glory in betraying me!

Think. How, Sir, this Woman set you on! Nay, then, pray Mr. *Constable*, lay hold on her, and see her forthcoming.

Cor. With Joy, since *Freeman* lives, and lives to be perjur'd; no Matter what becomes of me.

M. Griff. 'Ods my Life, un-hand my Child, you rude Cuckolds of Authority, or I shall lay my Cane a-cross your fortify'd Noddles.

Think. This is the Bawd, and consequently, a Principal in the Murder; lay hold on her; and if *Freeman* cannot be produc'd, you shall be accountable for his Blood.

M. Griff. Here's Doings — Help, help, I am a Gentlewoman, Varlets; —— oh, my Ribs, oh, my Ribs, —— my Ribs. [*They force them off: Exeunt Om*

Scene changes to the Street. Enter Vizard.

Viz. No Prey stirring? Sure the Devil is about extraordinary Business; for I never yet had an Inclination to be wicked, that he was backward of sending an Opportunity. --

Enter a Fidler, *with a Cloak on.*

Ha, here comes a Fellow, he looks, by his Cloak, to have Money in his Breeches; I must have a Knock at his Pate to get into his Pocket. ----- [*Knocks him down*

Fid. Oh, oh, oh!

Viz.

Viz. What the Devil have we here! A poor Fidler! A Pox on him, I took him for a Gentleman; I guess, by his Profession, he has as little Money, as Understanding, --- I thought so, --- a crooked sixpence, ---- [*Feels in his Pocket,*] a Piece of Rozen, and two Yards of Catgut; --- but let me see, here's a Cloak for my Knavery. *Takes the Cloak, and Exit.*

Fid. O, dear Heart, the Rogue has kill'd me; he has made a sort Place in my Head; --- stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief. [*Exit.*

Enter Mixum, *meeting* Vizard *in a Cloak.*

Mix. Oh, that should be my Arch-rogue, *Vizard*, ------ have I caught you at last? I'll make you an Example. ----- (*Takes hold of his Cloak*, ----- *he slips away, and leaves the Cloak with* Mixum:) 'Odso, the Dog has slipp'd out of his Case; but I have a got a good Cloak by the Bargain, that's somewhat towards my Losses. --- (*He puts on the Cloak.*

Enter Fidler, Constable, *and* Watchmen.

Fid. Stop Thief, stop Thief, --- Oh, Mr. *Constable*, there's the Rogue, he has got my Cloak upon his Back.

Con. Seize him.

Mix. How, now, Gentlemen; what's the Matter?

Con. Why, you have robb'd a Man upon the King's Highway.

Mix. Why, sure the Fellow's a Fool.

Fid. No, he is not, but he's a *Constable*, and that's all one; that's my Cloak, and I will take my Oath, that you came behind me, knock'd me down, and run away with it upon your Back; and so, Mr. *Constable*, I charge you to carry him before a Justice.

Con. Come, bring him along.

Mix. This damn'd Fellow, *Vizard*, is certainly my evil Genius, ---- I shall be hang'd for his Roguery, now.

(*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

ACT III.

Enter Celia *and* Miranda.

Cel. BUT, tell me, dear *Miranda*, is it a Crime to die, when Life's a Torment?

Mir Prithee leave these melancholy Thoughts, you make me sad, a Humour, that I hate; 'Slife, pine for one Man! Why, Girl, consider, thou art Young, and hast Beauty enough to break half a Score Hearts, and attract all the Fops in the Town; then prithee assume a little Tyranny; it becomes our Sex, and resolve to revenge our Quarrel on all Mankind.

Cel. Oh, thou art happy; would I were unconcerned, and had even a brutal Temper, that no Misfortunes could depress, or Happiness could elevate.

Mir. Call you that Brutal? Give me that solid one; I hate your thin, and unsubstantial Soul, that every small Assault of Fortune breaks through, and makes ridiculous Mirth, or Sorrow; give me a Soul, a Humour that's in Grain, not one that fades, like Colours in the Sun, and changes like your Cheeks; now pale, now red, and tells the World the Secrets of your Heart: But, I must confess, I'm griev'd for *Bevil*, for you know I love him; yet not so much, to whine and die for him; and his Misfortunes as a Friend, I feel not as a Lover, since his Inconstancy has forfeited that Respect.

Cel. Oh, *Miranda*, thou talk'st like one, whose Heart ne'er felt one Symptom of that generous Passion; true Love admits of no Alteration; yet, when I consider *Freeman* was false, methinks I should not die.

Mir. Nay, as for that, I think your are mistaken; I think him true enough, and by what my Uncle has inform'd

form'd me, that was one of his incens'd Miſtreſſes, one of his Family of Love, that envied your Happineſs, and contrived this purely to be revenged on him, or put you in Diſpair. Nay I believe *Freeman* is not dead, nor can I think *Bevil* could be ſo baſe, upon any Account, to kill him, eſpecially on this, 'twere a Diſgrace, as well to his Underſtanding, as his Honour; though, indeed, Honour is very ſeldom conſulted in the Affairs of Women, or Underſtanding either; if they were, ſome Men would be more circumſpect in their Intrigues, than they are now a-Days, unleſs they think Quality a Sanction for Prophaneſs; therefore be pacify'd; you have not ſlept to Night; ſit, and I'll ſing to you. (*She ſings.*

Cel. I cannot ſleep; alas, there is no Muſick like my Sighs. (*Swoons.*

Mir. Alas, ſhe faints, --- help, help. ---

Enter Freeman.

Free. By your Leave, ſweet Creatures. ---

Mir. Uncivil, Sir, What are you?

Free. One that brings Comfort; --- ha, the Lady Dying! Stand by, I have a Cordial in my Voice.

Mir. Ha! *Freeman* alive! What Miracle is this?

Cel. Ha! *Freeman!* Or does my Senſe deceive me? Sure, I am in Heaven, and this is *Freeman*; Art thou an Angel there?

Free. I would not wiſh it yet; No, we have an Age to come, in Love, e're we arrive to that.

Cel. Now I ſhall die with Joy; ---- forgive my Tranſport, 'tis the Effect of a ſincere, and honeſt Paſſion, which I can conceal no longer.

Free. Call back thy Blood into thy pale Cheeks, thou Miracle of Woman: By all that's good, I never was unjuſt; that Woman, that beauteous Sinner, whom you ſaw, I have been to blame with! but you muſt forgive the Errors of my Youth.

Cel. I do, and her, and muſt love whom you love.

Free. I thank thy Goodneſs; but it ſhall not need; hereafter I'll tell thee all, my Life, but now my Time is ſhort, and I muſt yet remain in this Diſguiſe to accompliſh my honeſt Deſign on *Bevil*, for he ſhall ſuffer to the laſt Degree, for leaving thee, *Miranda*, for another.

Mir. And, has he been ſo wicked?

Free. Yes, but is now reclaim'd; I'll return the Peniten into your Arms again.

Mir. Why, Faith, Cousin, that is to be, I do love the Fu gitive, that's flat; and if my Uncle please, will venture t take him, *for better, for worse.*

Enter Mr. Thinkwell.

Think. Oh, my Girls, I am sorry I am the Messenger o such ill News, but you must prepare your Hearts to bea with it; poor *Bevil* is condemn'd.

Mir. I thought he said he would produce *Freeman*, i Mr. *Glisten*'s, the Goldsmith's?

Think. That's all one; when it came to the Test, *Glisten* deny'd he ever saw him; so that his own Confession hang' him, without more Witness; and *Bevil*, *Corinna*, and tha Mother of all Mischief, the Bawd, were found guilty of th Murder: However, I'll use all my Interest to procure *Bevi* a Pardon.

Mir. Then, pray, Sir, solicit this Gentleman.

Think. Ha! *Freeman*, alive! May I believe my Eyes?

Free. You may.------

Think. Oh, kiss me, kiss me, ---- kiss me.--- But how Which way? When? What? Where? ---- Lord, I am s transported, ---- sure I am in a Dream all this while; well I'll go back to *Newgate* again, and wake myself: But this Sur prize had like to have made me forget, to tell you our Neigh bour *Mixum*, the Vintner, is condemn'd for a Robbery, an several others.

Free. How, *Mixum* for a Robbery! Was it prov'd upon him

Think. By a shabby Sort of a Fellow; but no more Point blank against him; 'tis thought, however, he'll have a Pardon; Cloak was stolen, that Cloak was taken upon his Back; the Ju stice was drunk that committed him, the Judges severe, an in Haste; the Jury a hungry, and to the Knave was cast; but Lord, to hear his Wishes, his Curses, his Prayers, and hi ill-tim'd Zeal; by my Troth, they would have made a Co medy: -- But, come, let us all to *Newgate*, with Expedition and release the poor Gentleman from his dreadful Contempl tions of Death and the Gallows.

Om. With all our Hearts. [*Exeu*

&c

Scene the Out-side of Newgate; *a Box hangs out, and* Padwell, *with other Prisoners a Begging.*

Jack. Pray, remember the poor Prisoners, the poor Prisoners, pray, remember; oh, oh.

Pad. Dam-ye, for a Son of a Whore, how sneakingly do you beg, --- Remember the Poor, you sniveling Bitch; is that a Voice to dive to the Bottom of a Usurer's Pocket, and fetch out his Money in spite of his harden'd Heart? ---- Remember the Poor! ---- Stand by, you Dog, and let Me come to the Grate.

Jack. Dear Heart, Mr. *Padwell*, methinks we should have little Stomach to beg, and are to be hang'd within these three Hours.

Pad. Why, you whining Cur, then we have the more Need to beg, that we may drink at Parting; stand away, and observe me now, with what a laudable Voice I'll move Compassion: ---- Christians, pity the poor Prisoners of this loathsome Dungeon, and it will be restor'd unto you Tenfold; drop your Bounty into this little Box, the only Support, Relief, and Comfort of Twenty poor wretched Souls: Noble, Sir, remember the poor Prisoners.

Enter Mr. Thinkwell, *gives Money, and goes in.*

Heaven reward your noble Charity, and restore it to you, Forty and Forty-fold.

Enter Freeman, Celia, *and* Miranda, *they put Money in the Box, and go in.*

Ha, Ladies, all alighted! Most beautiful Ladies, Dispense your noble Charity amongst Twenty miserable Wretches, oppress'd with Hunger and Cold: Merciful and fair,--pity the Miseries of unfortunate young Men, whose few short Hours of Life they have left, shall be employ'd in Prayers for our noble Benefactors. --- Oh, remember the Poor; ha, 'tis Gold; nay, now a short Life, and a merry One, we'll have it all in Drink, Boys, and when the Hours comes, die like Heroes, sing the Psalm merrily, and then --- be hang'd 'till we are sober.

[*Exeunt from the Grate.*

Scene a Chamber in Newgate. *Enter* Bevil, *and Mr.* Thinkwell.

Bev. No, Sir, I do not blush, nor are my Cheeks grown pale, though I'm condemn'd to die a shameful Death.

Think. No Kind of Death is shameful but the Cause.

Bev. Which I well know is none; but are there no Hopes of a Reprieve?

Think. Not the leaſt.

Bev. Upon my Honour, Sir, *Freeman*, is ſafe, I have already ſatisfy'd you, how I came to ſay what I did, of his Death, to that fair falſe one; — ſure ſome Lethargy has ſeiz'd him, that he appears not, or elſe he's mad. It cannot be Unkindneſs, and it would grieve you, Sir, to ſee me die, and after find me Innocent.

Think. By the Maſs, and ſo it would, — but to put you out of all theſe hanging Apprehenſions, know *Freeman* is alive, — and here he comes, himſelf to prove it.

Enter Freeman, Celia, *and* Miranda.

Bev. Ha! my Dear, unkind Friend, have you dealt well with me?

Free. I was reſolv'd I would be quits with you, for getting my Miſtreſs from me, which, by the Way, I beg you would forgive.

Bev. Ha, *Miranda*, here! Which Way muſt I look!

Mir. Nay, do not hide your Face, or turn away; I am wondrous glad, to know where a Maid may find you, when ſhe has need of you: And tho' theſe Chains are ſomething eaſier, than thoſe of Matrimony, yet like a malicious Woman, I am propoſing a Change; what do you think of it? Dare you venture? Methinks it were no ungrateful Leap, from the Gallows, into a fair young Lady's Arms; would you not rather cry, drive away Carman, and ſing your Penitential Pſalm at the Gallows, than turn back, and ſay, for better, for worſe?

Bev. And can you, Madam, except this Criminal in Chains?

Mir. The ſooner for that Reaſon, with my Uncle's leave; for I have a good Hank upon you, when you are Inſolent, to upbraid you with the Place, from whence I had you.

Free. He cannot but commend your Paſſion for him.

Bev. I am aſham'd to be ſo much oblig'd.

Cel. Nay, leave the Shame to her.

Mir. Shame, I laugh at it, and would have believed it none, to have married *Bevil*, under the Gallows, — therefore take my Hand, and bind the Bargain.

Bev. Thou art a noble Creature, and I am thine, for ever: Now, Sir, I muſt ſue to you, for Pardon. [*To Mir.* Think well.

Think.

Think. Nay, I'm resolv'd, I will be reveng'd of thee, and since you escap'd the Hang-man, you shall be noos'd by the Priest.

Mix. Hanging and Marriage, you see, go by Destiny.

Think. I'll have the Sentence put in Execution immediately; and the Ordinary shall do the Business: He can read the Ceremony, as well as set a Psalm, and will bring a Man to Repentance, as soon as any one of his Function; come, we'll go down, and see what Sort of a Figure my Neighbour *Mixum* makes under his Misfortune, and release the two wicked Women; and in the mean Time, I'll send to *Doctor's-Commons*, for a Conjugal Warrant, and commit you to the Custody of *Hymen*. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Lodge of Newgate: *The Keeper, calls, then Enter* Corinna, *Mother* Griffin, Padwell, Harry, Jack, Tom, Mixum, *and other Prisoners in Fetters, and Mrs.* Mixum, *and an Acquaintance of one of the Prisoners.*

Keep. Bring out the Prisoners that are order'd for Execution.

Pad. So, Mother Occupy, you are preparing for your Journey, I perceive; are you equipt with a Nole-gay, and a Prayer-Book? What do you weep at, the Sins of your Youth, or the fear of a Halter? Now, if you had kept within the Bounds of your own Trade, Fornication, and Adultery, and not proceeded to Murder, you would not have been fatigu'd with a Journey from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*.

M. Griff. Well, well, if I am to be hang'd, I can't help it; but my Comfort is, I shall die a good Protestant, and make a very decent End.

Mix. O Lord, little did I think of coming to this untimely Death.

Pad. Come, prithee leave whining; a Pox on thee, for a Chicken-hearted Son of a Whore; you are enough to make us all Cowards; I think 'tis a great Mercy, you are to be hang'd in such good Company.

Mix. O Dear, how can you talk so, and are just going to leave the World?

Har. Will no good Christian give me a Draught of Drink, I am almost choak'd.

Pad. Have a little Patience, and you'll be quite choak'd, —Why, what hast thou lost thy Courage too, *Tom*? What dost thou cry for?

Tom. I don't cry so much, because I am going to be hang'd; but to think I have not Money to buy me a Coffin.

Pad. Never trouble thyself about that; my fond foolish Father, has sent me a Coffin, but Faith, I have bit the old Trig, and have sold my Body to a Surgeon, and so I'll equip thee with my Carrion-box.

Tom. Thank you kindly, I wish I could do the same for you.

Acquain. Well, *Roger*, I am sorry I can't stay and see the last of you, but I wish you a good Journey, tho'.

Pad. Thank you, thank you, *Jack*, I wish you the same with all my Heart; but do you, hear; Pray remember my kind Love to my Brother *Sam*, and be sure tell him I dy'd like a Cock, damn'd hard. ——

Enter a Keeper.

Keep. Here's good News for the two Women; the Gentleman who was thought to have been murder'd, is now, found, and in perfect Health.

M. Griff. Ha, then I am a Woman again, Heaven be thank'd for it. *Corinna*, I hope no Body has taken our House, it stood rarely well, Girl, for Business.

Mix. What, and are there no Hopes of a Reprieve, for me?

Keep. No, Sir, here's a good Man come to prepare you for t'other World.

Mix. Ay, dear Heart, then I am in a bad Way, indeed.

Enter Vizard, *as a Presbyterian Parson*; *Mr.* Thinkwell, Freeman, Bevil, Celia, *and* Miranda.

Viz. Friend, I was acquainted of thy Misfortune, by thy Worthy, and Laborious Pastor, Mr. *Zachariah Thumpit*, who now lieth on a sick Bed, but having a great Concern for thy future Happiness, hath sent me to give thee some wholesome, and spiritual Advice; to be as it were a Staff unto thee, for to take a great Leap, ---- as it were ---- thou know'st not whither.

Free. Corinna, 'twas ridiculous of thee, to think, thou could'st engage me ever; come, you must quit all Hopes of me now, and this vile Creature, this old Beldam, whose Wickedness, I believe, at first debauch'd thee; her thou shalt forsake; I think thou art, in thyself, something nobler than most

most of thy Profession, how e'er thy Love to me had plung'd thee in such wicked Designs, which Providence has prevented; if you think you can for-goe your former Course of Living, I will take care to provide for you in a virtuous Manner.

Cor. Such Generosity must engage me; I am too sensible of my Misfortune, though what I did, it was my Love to you, urg'd me to; however, I hope my future Penitence will engage all your Pity, and your Pardons.

Mr. *Mix.* Well, Husband, this is a very comfortable Man.

Mr. *Mix.* He is so, but good Mr. *Zealfire*, leave my Soul a little while to itself, and let me have some of your Council concerning my Body; I owe Mr. *Glisten*, the Goldsmith, forty Pounds, and suppose now, when I am going to Execution, he should be so un-neighbourly to set a Serjeant on my Back.

Viz. Ah, trouble not yourself, my Christian Brother, with transitory Things, but have an Eye to the main Chance.——

[*Picks his Pockets.*

Free. See, *Bevil*, the Parson is picking the Fellow's Pocket.

Bev. Have Patience, we'll detect him by and by.

Viz. I'll warrant your Shoulders, —— but as for your Neck, —— *Plinius Secundus*, or *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, or somebody says, that a threefold Cord is harcly broken.

Mix. A very learned Man, this, --- well, I am not the first honest Man that has been hang'd, and I hope in Heaven, shall not be the last.

Mrs. *Mix.* Ha, Husband, I little thought you should have had need to have thought of Heaven so soon, --- Oh, --- if you had been hang'd deservedly, it would never have vex'd me; for many an innocent Man has been hang'd deservedly, but to be cast away for nothing; Oh, oh, oh!

Viz. Comfort yourself, good Mistress, moderate Grief is decent, you will shortly be a Widow, and I will come and visit you, and give you Christian Consolation.

Mrs. *Mix.* Thank you kindly, Sir, you shall be heartily Welcome to my House, by Day, or by Night. --- But, Husband, pray, are we to find the Halter, or they?

Mr. *Mix* O Woman, Woman, why dost thou ask such a Question? --- They, they to be sure.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Mix.* Nay, I could not tell, but I brought one along with me, for fear of the worſt, [*Pulls a Halter out of her Pocket.*] Oh, *Robin*, thou haſt been a dear good Husband to me, and I was not willing you ſhould want for any Thing I could help you to.

Mr. *Mix.* O, thank you kindly, dear *Peg.*

Mrs. *Mix.* I beſpoke it of my Neighbour *Thong*, the Coller-maker, and gave him a ſtrict Charge to make a ſtrong one; he ſent it you upon his Word, and ſaid he could not have made a ſtronger, if it had been for his own Wife.

Mr. *Mix.* O dear, he's a kind Man, and I am mightily beholden to all my Friends that are ſo ready to ſerve me at this Time.

Mrs. *Mix.* O my poor dear Husband, I can't bear the Loſs of you, --- I ſhall, I ſhall break my Heart; oh, I wiſh, I wiſh I were to be hang'd in your Room.

Mr. *Mix.* Oh, my Dear, I wiſh you were with all my Heart; but I have been a great Sinner, and can't expect ſuch Mercy; that would be a Happineſs: --Well, I do here make Confeſſion of all my Sins, before theſe good People, I do declare,-- that if I owe any Man any Thing, I do heartily forgive him, and if any Man owes me any Thing, let him pay my Wife.

Viz. Very good.

Mr. *Mix.* But, Sir, there is one Thing lies upon my Conſcience a little, I can't tell whether it be a Sin, or no; you muſt know at the laſt Election for the City, I ſold my Vote twice over, to both Parties, and poll'd for neither, becauſe, I would not diſoblige any of my Cuſtomers, though, if it be a Sin, there are a great many of my Brother-Livery-men, as guilty as myſelf.

Viz. Repentance, Repentance is the only Thing.

Mr. *Mix.* Here *Peg*, here are the Writings of that Rogue *Vizard*'s Eſtate, who has brought me to this untimely End,-- dear Writings to me: Take care of 'em, and now, good Yokefellow, take Leave of thy honeſt Husband.

Mrs. *Mix.* No, and pleaſe the Lord, I'll not leave you now, I'll ſee you hang'd firſt.

Viz. Ha, my Writings, now for a Trick of Dexterity, to retrieve thoſe, and I am a Man again ——— [*Aſide.*] But, Brother, you muſt have been a Broacher of prophane Veſſels,

Veſſels, you have made us drunk with the Juice of the Whore of *Babylon*; for whereas, good Ale, Perry, and Metheglin, were the true, antient, *Britiſh*, and *Trojan* Liquors. You, have brought in *Popery*, meer *Popery French*, and *Spaniſh* Wines, to the Subverſion, Stagge ing, and Over-throwing of many a good Proteſtant-Subject.

Free. Ha, Mr. *Hyprocrite*, have we caught you? *Mixum*, he has [*Picks her Pocket*] pick'd thine, and thy Wive's Pocket.

Bev. By this Light, 'tis *Vizard!* Who could have ſuſpected a Rogue in this Habit?

Free. Who could have ſuſpected any Thing elſe in this Habit? 'Tis the tollerated Garb for Family-Pick-pockets.

Viz. Dear, Sir, endeavour to ſave my Life, and I'll tell all?

Mr. *Mix.* O Rogue, Rogue, Rogue! Why wou'd you have been ſo wicked to have taken away my Life?

Viz. To tell you the plain Truth, Sir, I believe I ſhould have let you been hang'd, before I had told of myſelf: But conſider you had put me in a Condition of hanging, or ſtarving. [*Enter a Keeper.*

Keep. Mr. *Mixum*, here is a Pardon come down for you.

Mr. *Mix.* Ah, Heaven bethank'd, but now Rogue, I think I have you upon the Hip.

Free. Come, *Mixum*, this good News, ſhould ſtop all Reſentment, beſides, it were a pity to hang the poor Fellow; conſider, he was born a Gentleman, and his Diſhoneſty, was partly owing to your own Knavery; you unjuſtly keep the Mortgage of his Eſtate from him; and the Fellow muſt eat.

Mr. *Mix.* Well, I will not proſecute, the Rogue, this Time, though I know he'll be hang'd at laſt.

Viz. I thank you, Sir, but I'll diſappoint your Prophecy, if poſſible: Deſperate Diſeaſes, muſt have deſperates Cures; I'll e'en marry, and ſee if that will ſave me from the Gallows.

Mr. *Mix* Say you ſo, why then to turn you honeſt, and make you Amends for the Injuſtice I have done you, I'll give you my Daughter for a Wife, and a thouſand Pounds to maintain her; 'tis beſt to capitulate with the Knave, or he'll rob me of as much as her Fortune comes to, and I ſhall have the Girl to maintain ſtill.

Viz. What, lovely *Nancy!* A warm Girl, Faith, kiſſes luciouſly: Sir, I accept of your Propoſal.

Mr.

Mr. *Mix.* Then here's the Mortgage of your Eſtate to bind the Bargain; and I'll leave off my Trade, and ſet thee up in my Houſe; your Reputation is good enough to keep a Tavern; beſides, I'll get you choſe a Common Council-man, in a little Time, and when you are in the Herd, your former Roguery will quickly be forgot.

Enter a Keeper.

Keep, Sir, the Licence is come, and the Ordinary waits above.

Think. Come, young Fellows, take your Girls by the Hands, and lead up to the little old Gentleman, in Black.

From this dire Place, many to Death have gone,
But to be Marry'd, very rarely one.

Bev. *Farewel my Troubles, and my Follies all,*
Reaſon returns, and I'll attend its Call.
Virtue and Love are now together join'd,
And ſhow me where, I may true Pleaſure find;
Thus all, who'd happy be, I here proclaim,
Muſt turn Love's Converts, and their Vice re-
(claim.

FINIS.